

M E M O I R S

OF THE

CHEVALIER PIERPOINT,

AND THE

COUNTESS MELESINDA.

VOL. III

D U B L I N :

Printed by J. Potts, at Swift's-Head in Dame-Street.

M DCC LXV.

W. H. O. L. I. S.

OF THE

CHIEF JUSTICE

AND

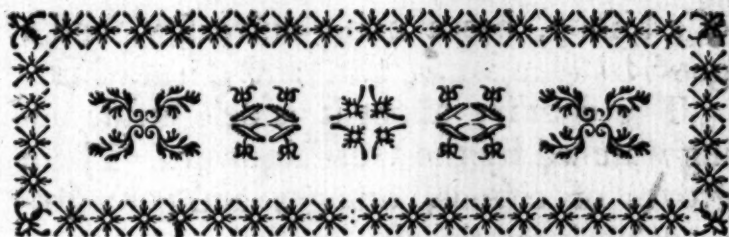
COUNTIES MESSINGDA

Vol. 1

W. H. O. L. I. S.

Printed by J. T. ...

W. H. O. L. I. S.



MEMOIRS

OF THE

Chevalier PIERPOINT.



CHAP. I.

WE had hardly left Seville, when we took a fancy to see Cordova, formerly the seat of the Moorish kings. We accordingly kept along the banks of the Guadalquiver, until we arrived at that royal city, seventy-two miles North-East of Seville.

Cordova is a fine, large city, containing fourteen thousand families. It is the see

of a bishop, has a noble university, and a good trade in wine, silk, and gilt leather.

The country about it is delightful, being watered by the Guadalquiver. There groves of citrons, oranges and pomegranates perfume the air, and every thing invites to softer pleasures.

The beauty of the palaces, and the magnificence of the grand Mosquita, struck us with admiration. As we were at table, and designed after dinner to take a view of this noble structure, Cœurleon said to Melesinda, from this fabrick, which we are going to visit, we may learn the magnificent taste of the Moors.

The Moors, answered Melesinda, seem to have been an extraordinary people, and to have excelled other nations of their time in arts and sciences. As there are so many things in Spain, that relate to them, I should take it as a favour, if you would write me at your leisure a short account of them. I have it ready done to your hand, replied the baron Swenitz (for we had given him that title since our being in Spain.) With that he took out of a little shagreen case the following extracts or memorandums.

The Goths, a northern people, who had made themselves masters of Spain after the fall of the Roman empire, were deprived
of

of their kingdom by the Moors (for so the Saracens of Africa were called) about the eighth century.

Near Toledo, it seems, there is an anti-ent cave, of which there was a prophecy that threatened Spain with the greatest troubles, whenever it was opened. It remained shut for ages, until king Rodriguez ordered it to be opened; upon which there were heard terrible noises and a violent tempest ensued, as if the elements were going into confusion. King Rodriguez nevertheless went into the cave, where by the light of torches he saw the figures of divers men whose garb and arms were of strangers. One held a copper blade in his hand, and upon it was written in Arabic, that the time drew near for the desolation of Spain, and that the persons, whose statues were there, would ere long come.

Soon after this, Rodriguez having ravished Florinda, daughter of count Julian, that lord, forgetting what he owed his country, called in the Moors to assist him in avenging the honour of his family.

In 714 the Moors gained the famous battle, in which Rodriguez lost his life. Spain was subdued, and the kingdom of the Goths extinct, except in the mountains of Austria, where Don Peladio, a relation

of Rodriguez, retired with the most resolute of the Goths, and after a signal victory gained over a very numerous army in 719, among the mountains of Santa Mavia di Cavadonga, opposed to the Moors a new kingdom, by which they were one day to be driven out of Spain.

After the death of the Moorish king Abdorames, the emirs of the Spanish provinces aspired to independency.

Alphonso the Chaste, of the race of king Peladio, after having gained some glorious victories over the Moors, found himself in quiet possession of the Austrias and Leon, at the beginning of the ninth century. The success of this prince, notwithstanding the obstacles he had to encounter, emboldened the christians of Navarre to elect themselves a king.

The inhabitants of Arragon took up arms under one of their counts; the rest of Spain still continued under the dominion of the Moorish kings, who had fixed their seat here at Cordova, where Abdorames, who reigned over all the Moors in the year 787, built this grand Mosquita.

Here the arts flourished, and the court of the Moorish kings was the center of gallantry, magnificence, and the choicest pleasures. Tournaments and tiltings probably owed

owed their invention to the Moors. They had also shews and theatres. Here also geometry, astronomy, chemistry and physick were cultivated.

In 1039, Ferdinand the first, king of Castile and Leon, rendered his reign illustrious by an infinity of noble exploits. Taking advantage of the ill conduct of the Moors, who by forming several little kingdoms had ruined that of Cordova, the principal seat of their greatness in Spain, he compelled their kings to purchase peace, and to pay him a large sum of gold for tribute.

The year 1236 seemed a period marked out for the glory of Spain, and the expulsion of the Moors. Ferdinand the third, king of Castile and Leon took Cordova from them. He subdued also the Moors of the province of Murcia. This country, though of small extent, is extremely fertile, and the Moors used to get a great quantity of silk there, which they manufactured into curious stuffs.

This Ferdinand, after a siege of sixteen months, conquered likewise Seville, the most opulent city the Moors had in their possession. He enacted wholesome and wise laws, erected several new courts of judi-

cature, and instituted the royal council of Castile, which has subsisted ever since his time.

However the Moors were not entirely subdued until the year 1491, when the city of Granada was taken by Ferdinand king of Castile, and Isabella queen of Arragon, who had united all the petty kingdoms of Spain into one, by their marriage.

Boabdilla, king of Granada, came out of the town, and went to present the keys to Ferdinand and queen Isabella, who treated him with all the honours due to a king. He withdrew into Africa, where he died.

Granada was full of riches, and adorned with a number of splendid palaces, especially that stupendous one of the Moorish kings, in which were the finest baths in Europe, and a number of magnificent and spacious apartments supported by an hundred pillars of alabaster.

King Ferdinand and queen Isabella gave the Moors their option, either to turn christians, or quit the kingdom. Fifty thousand of them became christians, others retired into Africa, and had this comfort at least in their expulsion, that their retreat was into the country of their ancestors, one of the most delightful parts of the world.

The

The Jews were banished about the same time. This people by vile practices and exorbitant usury, had accumulated to themselves all the riches of the kingdom. There were no less than an hundred and fifty thousand of this foreign nation among the Spaniards.

It was therefore debated in the king's and queen's council, by what means Spain might be delivered from this underhand tyranny of the Jews, after having shaken off that of the Moors.

At length they came to a resolution, in the year 1492, to drive them all out of the kingdom, and spoil them of some part at least of their ill gotten riches. Some of this people retired into Africa, others into Portugal and France, but many returned to Spain, and became christians.

The countess thanked the philosopher for this account of Spain and the Moors, and begged a copy of it, which he promised her. Then Cœurleon took the word, and said, that he was not without hopes of meeting at Cordova a good friend of his named Don de los Torres, a knight of Calatrava; historiographer, and professor of natural philosophy to the king of Spain; unless the celebration of

the grand bull-feast, that was near at hand, had invited him to Madrid. This said, we arose and set out for the Mosquita.

CHAP. II.

THE Spaniards still call it by that name, though now turned into a cathedral. This noble structure has four and twenty grand gates, all of them carved, and embellished with ornaments of fine steel. The roof is supported by 365 columns of jasper, porphery, granite, and other curious marble, and is finely painted with the figures of the saints feasting on ambrosia and nectar to the sound of golden lyres.

This painting was done by Rubens for Philip IV. king of Spain*. The figures are
adjusted

* King Philip honoured him with knighthood, and many magnificent presents.

Rubens was born in the Year 1577, at Cologne, though originally of Antwerp, where his father, of noble extraction, held the office of counsellor in the senate.

He was good-natured and obliging, his genius was full of fire, his sense solid and sublime. He was universally learned; and from the politeness of his manners, and from the perfection of his knowledge,

adjusted with a good gusto, and the draperies are set with art. They are well diversified according to the sex and dignity of the persons represented. Rubens expressed his subjects with equal energy and perspicuity, to which he added nobleness and grandeur.

While we were unweariedly admiring the beauties of the structure and the fineness of this painting, we saw a man walking with a grave and slow pace towards us, who seemed buried in some profound thought. He was dressed in a long robe of white silk; on his shoulder were four flower de luces cross-wise, wrought with crimson silk on a gold ground; by which habit and badge we knew him to be of the order of the knights of Calatrava. He was already come near us without having perceived us, when Cœurleon, whose sight had been engaged elsewhere, looking upon him, knew his friend Don de los Tofres. The old knight embraced Cœurleon with affection, and being informed by him, who

he was beloved and esteemed by persons of the best rank. Never painter produced so many and so great compositions as Rubens. It is difficult to decide where his finest pieces are. He lived several years loaded with riches and honours; and died in the sixty-third of his age, 1640.

we were, expressed great joy at seeing us. After the usual congratulations, and a short conversation, he went along with us to shew us the cathedral. It would be tedious to set down all the ornaments there. I shall therefore content myself with mentioning only two fine pictures done by two great masters. The one represented Cardinal Ximenes preaching to the Moors of Granada; the other an angel presenting a golden fleece to a peasant. There said the knight of Calatrava, (pointing to Ximenes) is the picture of an extraordinary man. He did not enter into the world till he was sixty years old, and depended upon finishing his life in solitude, when he was taken from thence and placed at the helm of the kingdom by Isabella the queen of Spain. His ministry was glorious for his disinterestedness, and magnanimity. He converted the Moors in great numbers; he conquered Oran himself in person. He protected and encouraged learning; and founded the university of Alcala de Hennara. At last having lost all authority, by means of those who had prejudiced king Charles against him, he retreated again to his solitude, and died without regretting his former high station and honours.

This

This fine piece, fair countess, continued the knight, was done by Tintoretto in a visit he made to Spain. Tintoretto was early eminent for painting and music. But painting being what he took most delight in, he resolved to apply himself wholly to it.

You may discern in this picture, Michael Angelo's gusto of designing, and Titian's way of colouring, for these two painters were his guides. Through the vivacity of his imagination he was sometimes incorrect: his attitudes are sometimes contrasted to excess, and sometimes extravagant, those of his women excepted, whose attitudes he always painted graceful.

His pencilling is very firm and very vigorously his work easy, and his touches lively. His heads are designed with a grand gusto; his local colours are good, and his carnations come up very near to Titian's. The emperor Charles the fifth gave him five thousand ducats of gold for this piece: which sum Tintoretto gave in marriage with his daughter Maria Tintoretto. She had been taught to paint by her father, and drew a great number of portraits both of men and women. She delighted in music, and played well on several instruments. Her father loved her

so tenderly that he would not let her leave him, even after she was married; but he had the misfortune to lose her in the thirtieth year of her age*.

C H A P. III.

THIS other picture shews you the origin of the order of the golden fleece.

At the time when the Moors possessed the finest and greatest part of Spain, a peasant praying one day very fervently that the kingdom might be delivered from them, an angel came to him, and giving him a fleece of gold, ordered him to make use of it to assemble an army, because none would refuse to follow it. The peasant obeyed, and the success answered the hope conceived of the rich present. In memory of this, was instituted the order of the golden fleece.

This fine painting, in which so much grace is seen, was performed by Guido Reni. I have a picture done in imitation of his manner, said Melesinda, and have
heard

* She died in 1590, Tintoretto died at the age of fourscore and two years, in 1594.

heard him much commended. I shall take it as a favour, if you will be so obliging, as to give some account of him. With great pleasure, replied the old knight.

Guido Reni was born at Bologna, in the year 1574; the son of Daniel Reni, an excellent musician. He learned the rudiments of painting under Denis Calvert, a Flemish master, who had then a good reputation: but the academy of the Caracci at Bologna beginning to be talked of, Guido left his master, and entered himself in that school. In his first pieces he followed entirely the manner of his new masters, and chiefly imitated Lodovico, because he found more grace and grandæur in his compositions than in those of his kinsmen. He afterwards endeavoured to find out a manner on which he might fix. He went to Rome, and copied all sorts of things there. He was charmed with Raphael's pictures, and pleased with the spirit of Caravaggio's. He tried every stile, and at last hit upon one, against which no body had any thing to say. Indeed, it was great, easy, graceful, and got him vast riches, and an equal reputation. Michael Angelo da Caravaggio, being angry that he had suddenly changed his manner, which was
strong

strong and brown, for one quite opposite to it, spoke very contemptibly of his pictures; and his insolent expressions might have had ill consequences, had not Guido prudently avoided disputing with a man of his impetuous temper.

Guido returning to Bologna, grew famous for the care he took in finishing his pieces: and perceiving that people of high rank were eager to have them, he set a price upon them, according to the number of figures in each picture, and every picture he valued at one hundred Roman crowns.

By these high prices, Guido found himself in a little time very rich, and lived magnificently, till an immoderate love of gaming seized him. He was unfortunate, and his losses reduced him to necessities he could not go through. His friends used all imaginable arguments to dissuade him from play, but he would not give it over. He sent his pictures to be sold underhand at a low rate and took it for such as he had before refused large sums for. As soon as he had got the few pieces of gold he had for them in his pocket, he immediately went to look out for his gamesters to have his revenge. At last, as one passion weakens another, his love of gaming lessened his love of painting so far,
that

that he never thought of his reputation in what he did, but only to expedite his paintings, and get some pistoles for subsistence. Except his vice of gaming, he was a man of good morals; and could he have corrected that fault, would have been an accomplished person. He died at Bologna, in 1640, in the sixty seventh year of his age.

As to his paintings, it must be owned his talent was not equally proper to treat of all sorts of subjects. Such as were devout and pathetic suited best with his temper: granduer, nobleness, sweetness, and grace, were the character of his mind. He has spread them so much over all his works, as in the piece before us, that they are the principal marks which distinguish him from other painters.

His thoughts are delicate, and the disposition of his objects in general, and of his figures in particular, is good.

His heads yield no manner of precedence to those of Raphael, either for correctness of design, or delicacy of expression, especially the upper part of them; though he did not commonly treat of subjects that were capable of furnishing him with so great variety of expressions as are in Raphael's.

His

His merit consisted in that moving beauty, which, in my opinion, did not proceed so much from a regularity of features, as from a lovely air which he gave the mouth, that had something in it between a smile and seriousness, and in the graces of the mouth, with a certain modesty, which he put in the eyes.

In short, in whatever manner or time he painted his pictures, his thoughts are so delicate, his figures so noble, his expressions so sweet, his dresses so rich, and every thing so graceful, that he was, and ever will be universally admired.

The countess made her acknowledgments to the knight for the history he had given her of this celebrated painter. And having now seen every thing in the cathedral, worth observation, Don de los Torres offered to attend us next morning to his country house, of which he gave us a short pleasant description, telling us we might rest our mules, for he would furnish us with a boat to go up the river. We accepted his offer, and it was determined that we should go to this charming place the very next day. Having projected this agreeable scheme, we took leave of the old knight for that evening, and returned to our inn.

C H A P.

C H A P. IV.

THE next morning, according to appointment Don de los Torres came to us, and after breakfasting on some chocolate, grapes and wine, he conducted us to a boat, that lay ready for us by the banks of the river. The little vessel was handsomely carved and ornamented with gilding and vermillion. A canopy of blue damask defended us from the heat of the sun. The boat was managed by two men in carnation jackets, and drawn along the stream by fourteen mules. We had also music with us, that played where-ever there was a fine echo.

The serenity of the sky, the mildness of the weather, the lucidness of the water, the perfumes, that from its banks embalmed the air, the variety, fruitfulness and smiling appearance of nature in every part, charmed all our senses. Add to these the conversation of the knight. I never saw a man, tho' now near seventy years of age, of a more easy, witty and agreeable conversation. He delivered himself with spirit, delicacy and gracefulness. When he repeated the same things, there was always something new and charming in

in the manner. We related to him our adventures in Spain, and he in return entertained us with an account of several curious things worth seeing; among the rest he gave us the history of a chapel and a famous monument in it, which we were to see before we came to his country seat. His relation was as follows.

The History of the COUNTESS O R I A N A.

NOT long since on the banks of this river dwelt a young lady, named Oriana, who had been brought up by her father with much tenderness and prudence, since her mother died, who was a very beautiful woman.

Don Pedro de Hennarez, for that was Oriana's father's name, had served his king and country in an employment at court, with great honour. But the intrigues of his enemies procured his disgrace. After which his chief employment was the education of his daughter, in his retreat.

Little Oriana had all the charming features of her mother's face, particularly her mouth, round which, a painter would tell
you

you a Cupid played continually. Her hair was a bright brown, her complexion fair and delicate; and in her aspect appeared sweetness and dignity. To compleat her loveliness, her father had infused into her heart all those virtues, which adorn the sex; and in her was centered all his joy and delight. But she unfortunately lost her father before she was sixteen years of age; who dying left her to the care of a rich old man, an antient companion, in whom he greatly confided, being prejudiced in his favour as he thought him strictly honourable. He gave likewise to this friend, whose name was Corvellone, a casket in which he told him was his daughter's fortune and all his substance, namely two thousand ducats of gold.

Corvellone took the charge, and at first behaved with great kindness to Oriana. But this shew of affection did not last long.

It happened that a young grandee, Don Valasconte, a knight of the golden fleece, saw Oriana, and was struck with her beauty. This nobleman was about the age of nineteen or twenty years. He was naturally good-natured, and by the gracefulness of his person, a winning conversation, sprightliness of humour, and a peculiar charm which animated his whole deportment,

ment, gained the hearts of all. He was one of those personages, whom nature seems to have formed in the height of good humour, and who, as soon as they appear, unite the most opposite characters in their favour, by giving them the same advantageous impressions. But with all these accomplishments, he had given himself up to his pleasures; and to sum up his character, he was a compound of whatever is most agreeable and irregular.

This young nobleman thought himself of too high rank and quality to propose to marry Oriana; and being well acquainted with Corvellone, and knowing that he was of such a miserable disposition, that a good sum of gold would tempt him to any thing, he went and opened his intention to him. He told him he was passionately in love with Oriana, and that if he would persuade her to be his mistress, he would present him with two thousand ducats of gold.

Corvellone being charmed with the offer of such a sum, though himself was extremely rich, and intending besides to secure to himself the young Oriana's fortune, which her father had left her, undertook the affair out of hand.

He sent for Oriana into his closet, and said to her, fair Oriana, I have an affair of
great

great importance to communicate to you. Don Valasconte, a knight of the golden fleece, whom you have seen, and who is so remarkable for his noble and magnificent way of living, is become passionately in love with you. I have consented to let him come to visit you. You must dress yourself in your finest apparel and do all you can to please him. Use every art to fix his affections. His rank indeed does not permit him publickly to make you his wife. But he proposes that you shall live in one of his castles in the country, as his mistress, and under that name to make your fortune. He added much more to the same purpose: He represented to her the condee's riches, his fine houses, parks, and gardens, which she was to have perfect command of, and omitted nothing that might sooth a woman's natural love of pleasure, her vanity or ambition; and concluded with representing to her that she had but a small fortune left her; that himself was by no means so rich as was imagined, and could do little for her; and that having lost her parents, and being destitute of friends, she ought not to hesitate a moment about accepting so advantageous an offer.

Oriana

Oriana was in the greatest consternation and surprize at this discourse, as you may well imagine. Her looks shewed her secret emotions, and her frequent blushes testified how much she abhorred the proposal. She represented to Corvellone, what a stain it would be to his honour and her own. Let the condee, said she, enjoy his riches, and me my innocence. She used tears and entreaties to move him, but to no purpose. His heart was hardened; neither tears, nor entreaties, nor force of reason, nor youthful charms of beauty afflicted, could affect him, or make him in the least alter his resolutions. On the contrary he was roused to wrath that reddened and flushed in his aspect, and he threatened to abandon her to the world, if she did not obey him.

Oriana retired to her apartment, filled with grief and anxiety. There she besought heaven to instruct her how to behave. Soon she felt herself inspired with wonderful resolution, and presently came to a determination. She put on her richest attire and adorned herself with the few jewels she had: though her beauty alone, without ornament, was capable of touching any heart, but her guardian's, with tenderest love.

In

In the evening Valasconte came: Corvellone conducted him to the door of Oriana's apartment, where he left him.

As soon as the condee appeared, Oriana rose up to receive him. He made her a profound obeysance, and they took their seats. Oriana then demanded what might be the occasion of the honour he was pleased to do her in a visit? Love, answered he, looking tenderly upon her, has led me hither; and I thank my stars for this happy visit; the greatest prince might envy my felicity. Valasconte, who was of a very elegant person, and whose voice was sweet, musical and insinuating, said much more in the same strain: to all which Oriana, no doubt strengthened by heaven, answered without blushes or any seeming emotion, but with politeness and complaisance.

In the mean time a collation was served up, which he himself had ordered. He helped Oriana to every thing himself, and filled out wine to her in a cup of fine agate rimmed with gold. The more he looked upon her, the more beautiful he thought her. He talked very gallantly to her; and she, whose wit was equal to her beauty, replied with so much sense, sprightliness, and innocent ingenuity, that she charmed him with her conversation. At length to-

wards the end of the regale, he threw himself at her feet, and pressing her hand, Fairest Oriana, said he to her, if your eyes at first have wounded me, your discourse has finished the conquest of my heart. The passion you have kindled in my breast will burn for ever; from this time forward I am become a slave to your charms, and shall consecrate my future days to your service.

As he made an end of these words, he kissed the hand of Oriana with so ardent a transport, that she fearing herself in some danger, changed countenance, and the roses fled from her fair cheek. And not being able to dissemble any longer, her look became overcast with grief, and some bright tears fell from her eyes, which rendered her still more beautiful.

Whence comes this sudden grief, fair Oriana, said Valasconte very much surprised; what can these tears mean that melt my heart? Is it I who am the occasion of them? Am I unhappy enough to have said or done any thing to give you displeasure? Speak and keep me no longer in ignorance of what has produced this sudden change in you. My lord, answered Oriana, I have already dissembled too far. Modesty, fear, grief, combat my resolves at once.

once. I can no longer be silent and conceal my real sentiments. I am a young lady of good birth: my father was an officer in the king of Spain's treasury; growing old he retreated from court, and in his retreat endeavoured to season my heart with those lessons which might make me answer his intentions. I had the happiness to correspond in some sort with his endeavours, and became his comfort and joy. But alas! he died too soon for me. He left me only two thousand ducats, his whole substance; and Corvellone, in whom he greatly confided, undertook to be my guardian. He has ordered me to receive your visits, and spare no pains to engage you to love me. I would fain have excused myself, but he threatened to abandon me unless I agreed to take you to my arms, on the conditions you well know. Consider, my lord, what a severe injunction this must be to me. If I have admitted your visit, and endeavoured to win your friendship by my behaviour, believe me it was only in the hopes of finding in one of your rank an heart worthy of it, and a generosity and tenderness, which are not to be found in Corvellone, who seems to be hardened by age, and without any sentiments of tenderness, gratitude, virtue, or honour.

When Oriana had made an end of speaking, Valasconte, who listened to her all the time with his eyes fixt upon her, was so affected with what she said, and the sweetness of her expression, that he remained for some time silent. He seemed to hear a voice within him, say; "Seek not to tarnish that lustre, which you cannot restore, and which you ought to prize so highly." At last he thus replied: I am glad, fair and virtuous Oriana, that you have discovered your thoughts to me. How great soever your charms are, and whatever impression they have made upon me, you have nothing to fear. I renounce all hopes I had received, since they give uneasiness to you: and you may without a blush resume your conversation with me. Shed no more of those precious tears, but dismiss your grief. Ah! my lord, replied Oriana, it is not without reason that you are esteemed the most generous of men. I wish I may ever have an occasion to shew you the gratitude of my heart. Grant me, said the condee, but one thing, and trust to my honour. You must leave this house and go with me, you cannot be in worse hands than Corvellone's, as you may easily perceive. I will carry you in my coach to a convent where you shall be taken care of.

It

It is, answered Oriana, what I most desire. I have so great confidence in your generosity, that I will set out this moment with you, for the abbey you mention. I have no other fear, but that of never being able to acknowledge your goodness.

Valasconte immediately ordered his coach to be ready, called for Corvellone, and with an aspect of contempt mixt with complaisance, said to him. You could not set too high a price upon so many charms: the lady has consented to go away with me directly. Having thus spoken, he took Oriana's hand, and led her to his coach. Corvellone attended him thither, felicitating Oriana on her happy change of condition; but she said not one word to him as they passed through the saloon, and she parted from him with a look of sullen sweetness, and in the same reproachful silence, neither thanking him for any kindnesses past, nor desiring any future correspondence.

C H A P. V.

VALASCONTE carried her that evening to the royal abbey of Cænza, where he ordered every thing for her, that could contribute to render her situation agreeable. At length, love got the better of all other considerations, and he resolved to marry her, if she would give him her hand. You may easily imagine she shewed no aversion to his offer: and they were married in private.

After the ceremony was over, he made it public, and celebrated his marriage with pomp and magnificence. He introduced Oriana to court, where her beauty and accomplishments engaged the admiration and affections of all who had any sentiment. Her story was made known to the sovereign, who ordered Corvellone's riches to be distributed among his relations, and himself sent to dig in the gold mines of Mexico.

As for Valasconte, his happiness increased daily: the more he was acquainted with the mind and heart of Oriana, the more he was charmed with her. Her conversation polished the manners of her husband, who insensibly acquired by it a delicacy of sentiment,

timent, with which till then he had been unacquainted. In a word, through her he became illustrious for his virtue. Oriana died, though in the flower of her age, after having brought him two sons and two daughters. The condee did not long survive her, and their ashes were united in the same tomb.

We were by this time arrived at the park, which reached down to the banks of the river. There we landed, and went up a gentle ascent; at length we entered into a pleasant wilderness, where in a mount planted with divers sorts of trees, intermixt with fragrant shrubs, a chapel was contrived in form of a grotto, to which the light came down through openings in the rock, covered over with fine iron work and crystal.

In this chapel was a tomb of red granite curiously adorned. In a rich cabinet, covered with a veil of crimson drawn by cords of mohair and silver; was the figure of Oriana in oriental alabaster. She seemed in a pleasing sleep: she had a coronet on her head, and her form was sprinkled with artificial flowers.

Over her was this inscription in golden characters.

How great the power of beauty bright and young!
And the sweet music of a charming tongue!

Her fragrant lips breath'd forth a chain of gold
That did her lord in virtue's bondage hold.

Valasconte's image pointed to her with
one hand, and held a tablet in the other
with these lines on it, likewise in gold.

The sovereign beauty, which I did admire,
Witness the world how worthy to be prais'd!
Her radiant eyes enkindled heav'nly fire
Within my heart, and to true glory rais'd.

Struck with perfection's charm, so pure, so bright,
Things base I could no more endure to view,
While on her face I look'd with fix'd delight,
Virtue's fair image in my soul she drew.

O charming woman! said philosopher
Swenitz, in a rapture upon reading these
lines; how great is your influence, would
you but use it to reform the world! how
noble is the contemplation of beauty,
Heightened by virtue! how faint, how
spiritless are the charms of a false glitter-
ing fair-one, compared with the loveliness
which I represent to myself in this lady
Oriana! Colours artfully spread upon can-
vass may entertain the eye, but not affect
the heart; and she, who takes no care to
add to the natural graces of her person any
lustre of excelling qualities, may be allowed
to amuse as a picture, but not to triumph
as a true beauty.

The

The people in the neighbourhood, said the knight, look upon Oriana as a saint. They say, that sounds of music have been frequently heard here in the night. As for my part, added he, I never heard here any musick except THIS—So saying, he struck the marble with a key, and it resounded like a chime of little silver bells. I have known something like it in a large block of Sicilian marble.

The knight telling us that it was but a little way from thence to his house, we agreed to walk along the banks of the river rather than go into the boat.

When we had travelled about two little miles we came to the place. It was a little eminence, covered with trees and plants of an agreeable verdure. On the summit stood the house neat and elegant. Around it were fine meadows, and on one side a delightful garden.

Don de los Torres welcomed us to the place, where we found every thing prepared for our reception. He had a sister here who came out to receive Melefinda. I will pass over the civil things that were said on both sides on this occasion, and only observe that Don de los Torres's Sister, whose name was Sorinda, was a lady pretty much advanced in years, but very polite, and un-

derstood how to perform the duties of hospitality as well as any woman in the world. She conducted Melesinda into an handsome apartment, where leaving her to repose a few moments, she came and employed her attention on the most minute things that might render our being there agreeable to us. Afterwards, when supper was ready, she ordered the cloth to be laid in a saloon ortamented with paintings, where we sate down to table. Sorinda was not one of those people who cloud their entertainments with a pensive discontented air: She was, like the knight, of a gay disposition, and supported the conversation in an agreeable manner; expressing herself with dignity and elegance. I admired her understanding, and the delicate turn of her thoughts, which seemed to charm Melesinda as well as me. They conceived a friendship for one another during our stay, and promised to maintain a correspondence by letters. We were served at supper with some excellent dishes, and our beds were no less comfortable than our regale.

C H A P. VI.

ALREADY had the sun ushered in the new day, the birds upon the blooming branches attesting it with their merry songs, when we arose and were conducted into the library, where our breakfast was prepared. The room looked over those pleasant meadows, which I have mentioned, and had a fine view of the river. After breakfasting with much chearfulness, we went into the garden, where we spent some time in walking and gathering fruits and flowers. There we at length left the ladies and returned with the knight into the library.

In the midst of the room was a large table covered with red chamois, on which was set a number of books; such as plays, histories and romances. After I had perused the titles of several, I hope, said the knight to me, that you will find here some books, which will entertain you when you are disposed to read. As I had learnt from Cœurleon that the knight was an excellent historian, after some discourse about the books before us, I took occasion to introduce a request to him that he would give me his sentiments concerning the
most

most excellent and agreeable manner of composing an history. For in my travels, I always made it my practice to put those I conversed with upon those subjects, which they best understood, in order to learn something from their information.

Basti al nochiero ragionar de venti,
Al bisfolco de i tori, e le sue piaghe
Conti'l guerrier, conti'l pastor gli armenti.

ARIOSTO.

The mariner speaks best of seas and wind,
Of pastures green and herds the rural hind,
The warrior of bright hosts in battle join'd.

}

Don de los Torres very readily satisfied me; and when we were sat down, spoke as follows.

There are few historians free from gross faults, and yet history is of great importance. It points out great examples to us. It makes the vices of bad men serve for instruction to the good. It disentangles the origin of nations; and shews by what means people passed from one form of government to another.

A good historian is not partial to any age, or nation. Though he loves his country, he never flatters it. A Spanish historian should shew himself neutral between Eng-
gland

gland and Spain. He ought to praise the earl of Peterborough, as freely as Don Manuel de Leon, the history of whose valiant exploits affords entertainment, instruction, surprise and delight, to readers of the most sublime conception.

He omits no incident that serves to describe the chief persons he speaks of and discover, the true causes of events.

He equally avoids panegyric and satire, and deserves credit no further than he confines himself to relate both what is good, and what is bad, without flattery or malice. Our prepossession in favour of our country, joined to a national pride, makes us forget that reason is the growth of all climates and that a justness of sentiment is not limited to a part of Europe.

Some vain people pretend to shine by obscuring the brave and generous actions of former ages, putting some vile constructions upon them, and forging vain causes and motives of them. Shew me the greatest and most unblemished action in life, and I will invent fifty bad ends to obscure it.

The same pains and licence that others take to detract some illustrious names, I would willingly take to raise them higher.

As for those rare personages, who are culled out by the consent of wise men, for

an

an example to the world, I should honour them by all the circumstances I could invent of a favourable construction. And we are to believe that the force of our invention is infinitely short of their merit.

It is the duty of good men to paint virtue as beautiful as possible, and there would be no indecency in the case, should our zeal a little transport us in favour of such sacred personages. What some people do to the contrary, they either do it for lucre of gold or out of malice, or through viciousness of confining their belief to their own capacity, or by reason that their sight is not strong, clear and elevated enough to conceive the splendour of virtue in her native purity. Hence actions of the greatest fortitude and sanctity have been imputed to ambition or vain-glory: whereas the same persons would have performed, and actually did perform the same, when they had ignominy and disgrace instead of riches or glory for reward.

In the next place, I would not have an historian too inclined to superstition. But it is presumption to slight and condemn every thing as false, because it does not seem to us likely to be true, which is the common failing of such as fancy themselves wiser than their neighbours. I was myself
formerly

formerly of that cast; and if I heard of spirits walking, dreams, prognostications of futurity, enchantments, witchcraft, or any other thing, that I knew not what to make of, I pitied the people who were imposed upon by such things; and now I find that myself was as much to be pitied as they.

Experience has taught me to supercede my former opinions, and reason and religion have instructed me, that thus to treat things as false and impossible, because beyond my comprehension, is presumptuously to limit and circumscribe divine power.

How many things in nature beyond our comprehensions! It is rather custom than knowledge that makes them appear not strange to us.

—————O quante belle
 Luci il tempio celeste in se raguna!
 Ha il suo gran carro il dì: l'aurate stelle
 Spiega la notte, e l'argentata luna;
 Ma non è chi vagheggi o questa o quelle.

TASSO.

—————How many bright
 And splendid lamps shine in heav'n's temple high!
 Day hath his golden sun, her moon the night,
 Her fixt and wand'ring stars the azure sky,
 But none these lights with wonder now admire.

FAIRFAX.

IF

If those things were now presented as new to us, we should think them equally or more incredible than any other.

* Were these things suddenly, or by surprise,
Just now objected new to mortal eyes,
At nothing could they be astonish'd more,
Nor could have form'd a thought of them before.

How many unlikely things are there testified by persons of credit, which if we cannot absolutely believe, we ought at least to hold our minds in suspense. For to conclude them impossible, is rashly presuming to pretend to know the utmost bounds of possibility. To condemn things contrary to the common course of nature because unusual, as impossible, is extream folly, and arrogance, and presumption, in such finite understandings: and not only so, but it is of dangerous consequence, as it teaches them to condemn things perhaps the most sacred, because we do not understand them.

But to proceed——

A most necessary and most uncommon accomplishment in an historian, is to know exactly

* — Si nunc primum mortalibus adsint
Ex improvise, seu sint objecta repente,
Nil magis his rebus poterat mirabile dici,
Aut minus ante quod auderent fore credere gentes.

LUCRET. l. 2. v. 1032.

exactly the form of government in every age, and the successive manners of the nation whose history he writes. A painter who does not know what the Italians calls *IL COSTUME*, can draw nothing exactly. The painters of the school of Lombardy have failed in this particular, though in other respects, they have represented nature to the life. They have drawn the high priest of Jerusalem, like the pontif of Rome; and the antient Greeks like the people of Lombardy. We should laugh at an historian who should speak of the magnificence of Don Pelladio's court in the Asturian mountains, or of the immense riches of his wealthiest subjects.

Again——

There is nothing more agreeable in history, than an easy, noble conciseness.

An historian ought to retrench many superfluous epithets, and other such ornaments. This will make his history more concise, more lively, more simple, and more agreeable. In his narration he ought to interweave the most solid notions of virtue, without moralizing. He should avoid sententious remarks with the utmost care. His history will be sufficiently adorned, if he relate things in a just order, and a clear, proper, concise, noble stile.

There

There prevails an affected politeness among the pedantic and conceited part of all ranks and professions, who values themselves upon their wit or learning. They never venture to use any expression but what they reckon fine and uncommon. They talk always in an high strain, and would think it beneath them to call things by their proper names. Now in true eloquence almost every thing may be introduced. The perfection of poetry itself, which is the loftiest kind of composition, depends on a full and lively description of things in all their circumstances. Facts related without circumstances are like a tree stripped of its leaves; they make only the dry trunk and leafless branches of an history.

Not that in relating facts we ought to describe every individual circumstance that belongs to them. Some will not omit even the most dry, useless and impertinent ones: as whether Montesinos took out the heart of his friend Durandarte, the moment he expired, in order to carry it to his mistress Belerma, with the point of a dagger, or with a small piece of damasked steel as sharp as an awl. An historian of this character follows his own humour without regarding the public taste. He would have every

every body as fond as he is of those trifles that employ his insatiable curiosity.

On the contrary, a prudent historian drops all insignificant facts, that give the reader no light into any important point. So that it requires great judgment to make a right choice of circumstances. But at the same time we must not be afraid of mentioning such circumstances as can be any way serviceable. For it is a false delicacy that leads us to suppress some useful things, because we do not think them capable of any ornament. Besides, excellent writers, both antient and modern, have shewn us by their examples, that we may give a proper grace and embellishment to every subject.

But to come to a conclusion——

The chief perfection of an history consists in the order and disposal of its parts. A true genius, out of twenty places, chuses that, in which a fact may be most advantageously set, so as to throw a light on all the rest. Oftentimes a fact mentioned long before the order of time it happened in, clears up all the train of events, that paved the way to it.

Sometimes another incident will appear in its full light by being postponed, for then

then it is introduced more appositely as the occasion of other events.

This just order may be compared to the care, that a person of good taste takes to place fine pictures in an advantageous light.

After such order maintained, the judicious reader, when he has perused the whole history, looks back like a curious traveller, who having got to the top of a mountain, observes all around him, and takes a delight in viewing from that situation, the way he came; and all the pleasant places through which he passed. -

Here the knight ended his discourse, and notice now being given that some company was arrived, he went to receive them.

That day we dined under a large tent from whence we had an agreeable prospect. We spent the afternoon in several amusements. In the mean time a letter was delivered to Don de los Torres, who, after reading it, told us, that he would have the pleasure of accompanying us to Madrid, for he was obliged to be there at the celebration of the bull-fights in the grand piazza. We testified great joy at the news; and having stayed two days longer with the knight and his sister Sorinda at their seat, we took leave of her and set out in Don de los Torres's calash on our return to Cordova.

C H A P.

C H A P. VII.

WE took a large round in order to see more of the country. About noon, we stopped under some trees just by the road, whose spreading boughs cast a thick verdant shade. Here we alighted, and Don de los Torres ordered a sumpter mule to be unloaded, and a regale to be set before us. We were all seated in a circle, and had half finished our repast, when we saw suddenly appear four or five men, drest in white and gold galoon, mounted on tall mules, and with travelling spectacles and umbrellas. After them came an elegant coach, drawn by six mules with three postillions, and attended by four or five more people on horse-back in the same dress with the first.

Cœurleon no sooner perceived them, but he said to Melesinda, if I am not much mistaken, this is the duchess of Valfiorante, I must speak to her, Melesinda desired him not to let her know we were there, for which the duchess reproved him afterwards. Cœurleon went up to the coach, which now approached, when the duchess of Valfiorante, for it was she, perceiving him, immediately put her head out of the coach, and

ordered her people to stop. She seemed about twenty-five years of age, was exceeding handsome, and appeared extremely gay and lively. While she spoke to Cœurleon, she laughed sometimes, which she did very pleasingly, and shewed a fine row of teeth, white as pearl. Cœurleon continued some time in discourse with her, and then making a profound obeisance, the dutchess returned him a nod with an easy, courtly grace, and proceeded on her journey.

Cœurleon came back to us with a pleasant countenance, and said to us, you have seen the duchess of Valfiorante, one of the finest ladies about the court, and lately married to a young gentleman, named Moncadas. She is now going to Madrid, to attend the queen, who has sent for her. But I must tell you her story, which is now the entertainment of the court, and which has something very pleasant in it. The duchess of Valfiorante, as you have seen, is very beautiful and young; and she was rich besides; she was courted by several young cavaliers, both for her person and fortune.

One of her suitors was the gallant Don Moncadas, called the magnificent. He is a young grandee of noble genius, the flower of courtesy and beneficence; a phoenix

in friendship, liberal without bounds, grave without arrogance, gay without meanness. Notwithstanding these accomplishments, he loved and was abhorred; he adored and was disdained; he implored a savage; he importuned a statue, for such was the duchess of Valfiorante to him. In short, finding he could not make any progress in his love, he grew disconsolate, sickened, and in a little time was carried to his tomb in the bloom of his youth.

The duchess of Valfiorante hearing of this effect of his Passion for her, now began to Pity him, when it was too late, and grew desirous of seeing him dead, whose love, while living, she had treated with such coldness and disdain. How strange, how wonderful are the workings of love! That heart, which was proof against the prosperous fortune of Moncadas, was now penetrated with his misfortune. Love, to speak poetically, tempered in pity's fire his golden darts, and kindled his flame in her breast, which had such an effect upon her, that she disguised herself, and putting on a long silk veil, went to the church, where the body lay in richest state. She pressed up to it, and fixing her eyes upon her lover for a little time in silence, shed a flood of tears. This bright shower that fell
on

on Moncadas's face seemed to revive him. For in effect he revived, or rather wakened from the trance into which his love and weakness had thrown him: and opening his eyes, the first object they met was the duchess of Valfiorante weeping over him. She screamed out and fainted away. She was presently known to those present, and being brought to herself was conveyed to her palace. In short, Moncadas recovered, the duchess of Valfiorante has married him, and the king has created him marquis of Valfiorante.

Some verses have been made on the subject by one of the court wits, of which these are part —

Who would not languish, die with am'rous pain,
To be so mourn'd, and so restor'd again?
Or thus with-held, what soul would seek the stars?
O'er young Adonis so, her precious tears
Fair Venus shed, but her's had not such pow'r,
As Valfiorante's bright enliv'ning show'r.

This is a pleasant accident enough, said Don de los Torres, since the conclusion was so happy: yet I can scarce persuade myself but she was in love with him before, and only concealed her passion from him through capriciousness or vanity. But what say the ladies? They for the most part,

part, answered Cœurleon, are in amazement how Moncadas could be so passionately in love with Valfiorante. They will hardly allow her to have any thing charming in her face or person. It is seldom replied the knight, that the merit of a woman is universally agreed on by both sexes; their interests are too different. The women are displeased with those very same beauties in another, which render them agreeable to the men. A thousand airs, which inflame with the most violent or tender love, raise their contempt and aversion. Don de los Torres, said Melesinda, smiling, don't accuse the ladies of being jealous of one another's charms; for my part, I admire the duchess of Valfiorante. Fair countess, answered the old knight, with a pleasant air, I highly value the ladies; I think a fine face the finest of all sights; and the sweetest music the voice of her whom we love: all that I meant to say just now was, that many charming airs escape the observation of the sex, which make very sensible impressions on a lover. This said, we all drank a glass of excellent malaga to the duchess and marquis of Valfiorante.

The place was so delightful, that after our regale we resolved to stay a little longer

in that sweet scene. Then the knight taking out of his pocket a little book with gilt leaves and finely decorated, presented it to Melesinda, telling her that it contained several novels which she might read at any time for her amusement. She took it with thankfulness, and opening read the title of the first, which was, "King Alphonso, the noble, in the gardens of Villa Hermosa". The knight told her that if she chose to read that novel, the place she was in would render it more entertaining. We all went towards the stream, and sitting down on the borders of it under some trees, were attentive to her, while she read the story, of which the substance was as follows:

King ALPHONSO the Noble, &c.

In the time of Alphonso the Noble king of Castile, who won the famous battle against the Miramolin of Morocco in Sierra Morena, there lived an old knight named Mendoron, who after having distinguished himself in that fight, retreated to a solitary place called Villa-hermosa near Sig-nenza. Among the olive and almond trees, with which that spot abounds, he built a small convenient house: on one side of which

which was a most delightful garden, and in it a fine canal. In cultivating this agreeable place lay his greatest pleasure.

It happened that Alphonso the Noble came during the summer, to amuse himself at a royal castle in that part of the country. When hearing of Mendoron's fine garden, he had a great desire to see it. He therefore sent him word, that himself and four friends would come and take an evening's repast with him in his garden. Mendoron was pleased with the message, and made the necessary provision for his entertainment. Alphonso came at the time appointed, and brought with him the marquis of Medina, and three other favourites.

They sat down to table by the side of the canal. The regale was served up in the most delicate order; and consisted of the most exquisite dainties with the richest and most fragrant wines.

While they were thus regaling themselves with much gaiety, drinking plentifully, and admiring the beauty of the place, two damsels entered the garden. They seemed about sixteen years of age, and were both of excellent beauty. Their chestnut-coloured hair was tied behind with a ribbon of crimson and gold. Their gar-

ments were of thin Murcian silk as white as snow, and were tied round their waist with a cord of mohair and gold; and thence descended to only half way their legs, which were naked, and of most delicate turn and whiteness. On their feet they had light sandals fastened with silver laces. One of them carried a silk net, and the other a long smooth branch of an almond tree.

Alphonso was greatly surprised at their appearance, and waited attentively to see what it meant. The damsels, being come before him, made their obeysance to him, in the modestest manner. Then both stepped into a fine gondola, that lay by the bank of the canal. There they caught a number of fish and threw them out to a servant, who had kindled a fire of sweet wood on the bank; and who dressed them in a silver vessel, and set them before the king. After a little time they came out of the gondola, and having again saluted Alphonso they returned into the house.

Alphonso and the rest admired greatly the beauty of the two damsels; but especially Alphonso, who began to look upon them with a lover's eyes, and thought they resembled two new-born queens of love, just risen from the waves, or two morning stars.

stars. He was perfectly lost in admiration. At length turning to Mendoron, he demanded who those fair damsels were. They are my daughters, said he, born both at a birth: one of them is called Rosalinda, and the other Dolcereina. Alphonso commended their beauty and behaviour: and now nothing remained to be served on the table but the desert; when the two damsels appeared again, but attired in richest carnation sattin, which hung in large folds to their feet: and in their hands they brought two fine dishes full of all manner of fruit, which they set before Alphonso. After which they retired to a little distance and sung a song, with such exquisite sweetness, that Alphonso thought himself among the blest, and that he heard celestial harmony.

The regale being finished, the king mounted his gennet and returned to his castle. There he soon found that he had not only drank of Mendoron's excellent wines, but also of the flames of love. For he was in love not only with one but with both sisters; as they resembled each other like two pearls. He endeavoured to forget Rosalinda and Dolcereina, but that very endeavour made him think of nothing else. He cultivated now under other pre-

tences strict friendship with Mendoron, and frequently visited him at his garden in order to see the objects of his passion. At last his love grew to such a height, that he resolved to carry off both the daughters of the old knight by force; not knowing how otherwise to get possession of them. He signified his intention to the marquis of Medina, who being a nobleman of strict honour, represented to him with a generous freedom, how dishonourable such an action would be to his age, who had never been guilty of such excess in his youthful prime, when love most powerfully reigns. Besides the ingratitude of the thing, to take away an old knight's daughters, who had treated him so delightfully, and made his daughters in whom was centered his joy, attend upon him, esteeming him a generous prince. The king blushed at first with some anger to find his passion contradicted; but having consulted reason, he grew ashamed of his weakness. And he who had vanquished the miramolin with glory, now more gloriously overcame himself, a nobler and more difficult victory. The king next determined to testify his love in a manner more becoming his name. He gave large fortunes to Rosalinda and Dolcercina, and bestowed them in marriage

age on two noble personages rich and young, and in all respects worthy of their charms.— This as I said was the substance of the novel, which when Melesinda had done reading, we set forward for the city : where being arrived, Don de los Torres took leave of us till next morning.

C 4 C H A P.

C H A P. VIII.

WHEN we were returned to our inn, we found ourselves obliged to quit our rooms for others not so well furnished. Our host made a thousand excuses, telling us that he could not avoid it, for the amirante of the galleons of Spain, a knight of St. Jago *, and Titulado of Castile, was coming there with a grand retinue. I answered that he need not be in any trouble about that matter; that it was fit he should accommodate the amirante.

In a little time Don Valdoranos (for that was the amirante's name) appeared, being preceded by a band of music, which is usual in Spain.

He alighted from his coach, and handed out a young lady of a singular appearance. Her complexion was of a fine olive, her eyes black and sparkling, her hair short and curling. She had ear-rings of pearl set in gold, and a large necklace of the same. Her dress was a close habit of crimson silk with streight sleeves: and she had

* The knights of St. Jago, patron of Spain, wear red crosses on their cloaks in form of a sword, enamelled on a golden scollop shell, which shell St. Jago's pilgrims also wear.

had a cawl of gold and silk net-work on her head.

Don Valdoranos was conducted by our host, (who was extremely talkative) with great ceremony into the apartment designed for his reception. He had not been there long before he enquired what company was in the house; and being informed that we were foreigners of distinction, travelling for pleasure through Spain, he very politely came himself to invite us to sup with him. Then taking Melesinda by the hand, he conducted her into his apartment, whither baron Swenitz and I followed, being glad of the invitation, as an honour, and as we expected to hear something new from him.

The amirante was a tall swarthy man, of grave aspect, but agreeable enough both in his countenance and person, and seemed about sixty years of age. He received us with frankness and dignity; and supper having been got ready against his arrival, was soon served up in his own gilt plate, which he carried with him. We all sat down to a long table covered with a fine silver fringed cloth of damasked linen. Don Valdoranos took his place at the head of the table, with Melesinda on the right hand, and the olive-complexioned young lady

lady on his left. He was waited upon by a personage with long black hair, and whose complexion was of a dark copper colour or bronze. On the back of a large elbow chair in which he sat, was a little green monkey, mimicking the musicians, who played at certain times during our regale, which was elegant and well dressed, for the amirante had several cooks in his retinue, and provisions of the best sorts. Amongst other rarities, we had some Ægyptian partridges very delicious. He told us, that he had been presented with them alive by a Levant trader. They are the size of the red partridge; their feathers resemble those of a Guinea-hen, and their tail is like a swallow's, of a bright purple. They have an aromatic taste and a great deal of flavour.

After supper, the wines being set on the table, with fruits wet and dry, Melesinda, whose curiosity had been excited as well as ours, by the novelty of the lady's Person and garb, who was with the amirante, and had not yet spoke a word, addressed her in Spanish. But the olive-complexioned young lady made no answer, only shook her head and smiled, so that from her silence we conjectured she could not speak Spanish.

But

But the amirante, who had been employed in giving some fruit to his favourite the green monkey, perceiving Melesinda had spoken to his companion, and the company attentive to her, who could make no reply, said to us; This young woman understands little or no Spanish, and speaks no language, but that of her own country, so that she is incapable of answering any thing you may say to her; she is an Indian whom I lately found on a desolate island, and her rank and quality are greater than you would imagine.

This intimation raised our curiosity still more and more to know who this Indian was; but no body chose to ask the question, at that time, which seemed more proper for reposing ourselves, than hearing or relating an adventure. However our landlady being still busied in fitting up for us our new apartments, Melesinda entreated the amirante to recount the history of the beautiful Indian. To this request he answered, that he would willingly obey her commands, both as the story would not detain her long from her repose, and had something uncommon in it, if not entertaining. After this preamble, we all drank a glass of almaran, and the amirante began in this manner.

The

The HISTORY of The INDIAN MAID.

I AM lately come from the Brasils. Being impatient to get to Spain for the service of the king, which required my presence; and having waited all the month of April, we sailed in May towards the cape of Buona Esperanza, with raging storms: and though we saw signs thereof, yet we could not imagine the tempest that was to follow.

We made a long run of almost two hundred leagues from Brasil, the ocean and the winds all the while raging. A fiery comet appeared continually to the tenth day with a fearful aspect; and the sea and heavens often changing; the black and foul clouds having gathered together in a round form, and the wind seeming to come all against us, as it were by reflection: the sea being faint in deceitful calms.

Our sailors well knowing the tempests that used to rage there, did not offer to spread their sails to gather the wind, but handed them immediately. Presently the wind broke from the clouds with a flash of light-

lightening*. After its continuing some time, the billows rose high, as it were to the stars, and again fell low to the bottom. It thundered and lightened prodigiously and the sea seemed all on fire † about us for

* Perhaps this was a prester wind, a strong wind that breaks out with lightening and flame; or what the sailors call the Ox-eye, being a cloud in appearance at first no bigger. Not far from the cape of Good Hope there is a high mountain, broad on the top like a table. When the sky is clear and the sea smooth, there is a little cloud seen on the top of this hill, which appears at first no larger than an hazelnut, and then like a walnut, which the Dutch call the Ox-eye; and then covers the whole plain above, and the Dutch compare it to a table spread with all kind of meat on it, from its different colours. Then the storm begins to blow from the top of the mountain with such force, as overwhelms all ships that are not on their guard, or have their sails out.

This wind is thus described in Thomson's Summer:

— Amid the heav'ns
Falsely serene, deep in a cloudy speck
Compress'd, the mighty tempest brooding dwells:
Of no regard, save to the skilful eye.
Fiery and foul, the small prognostic hangs, &c.

† The following query of Sir Isaac Newton will perhaps give us the best notion of this appearance. "Do not, says he, all fixed bodies, when heated beyond a certain degree, emit light, and shine? And is not this emission performed by the vibrating motions of their parts? And do not all bodies, which abound with terrestrial parts, and especially sulphurous ones, emit

for every wave that broke sparkled like lightening. One sea struck away the rails of our head; and our sheet-anchor, which was stowed with one flook over the ship's gunal, and lasht very well down to the side, was violently washed off, and had like to have struck a hole in our bow, as it lay beating against it. Then we were forced to put right before the wind to stow our anchor again, which we did with much ado. But afterwards we durst not venture to bring our ship to the wind again for fear of foundering, for the turning the ship either to or from the wind is dangerous in such violent storms. The fierceness of the weather continued until four o'clock that morning.

After four o'clock the thunder and the rain abated, and then we saw a corpus sant, like a star, at our main-top-mast head, on the very top of the truck of the spindle. This sight rejoiced us exceedingly; for the height of the storm is commonly over when the corpus sant is seen aloft; but when they are seen

emit light as often as those parts are sufficiently agitated, whether that agitation be made by heat, or by friction, or percussion, or putrefaction, or by any vital motion, or any other cause? As for instance; sea-water in a raging storm," &c.

Optics, page 314.

seen lying on the deck, it generally is accounted a bad sign. Permit me, my lord, said the countess, to enquire what you mean by a *corpos fant*.

A *corpos fant*, answered the amirante, is a certain small glittering light. When it appears, as this did, on the very top of the main-mast or at the yard-arm, it is like a star*; but when it appears on the deck, it resembles a great glow-worm. When our sailors see them aloft, they presently go to prayers and bless themselves for the happy sight.

The next morning was fine complexioned, when we found ourselves near a small island. It was a dead calm, not the least wind to fill our sails, so that we determined to cast anchor. We immediately put out our boat, and made to land, in order to refresh ourselves.

The first thing we saw, was several trees loaded with beautiful fruits, which bowed the branches to the ground. We observed, as is usual, those of which the birds had eat, and gathered them; and found they were of excellent taste and flavour.

When

* Philosophers consider this light as a natural phenomenon, and nothing more than an inflamed vapour or jelly; an opinion which I shall not contest; but only observe, that the ancients looked upon these fires as supernatural and divine.

When we had refreshed ourselves, a little, we tied our boat to a stake and went up into the island. I never saw a more agreeable place. It was full of aloes trees, and other fine wood, of all sorts of fruit trees, of springs, and beautiful flowers. It is surprising that this island though so commodious and pleasant, is inhabited only by birds, hares, rabbits, and wild goats. I imagine the smallness of it to be the reason, for I don't know a more charming spot.

We spent the day in rejoicing that we got safe to so delicious a place, and in walking up and down.

When the night came, we reposed ourselves on the grass, which was enamelled with a thousand flowers of the finest odour. We slept deliciously till morning. As the weather was still calm, and not the least wind, we resolved to stay where we were a little longer: and after breakfast, I went with six of my companions to take a larger survey of the island.

We entered a wood of limes, which had divers walks in it, as if formed by art: we passed through several of them, and had got a great way into the wood, when we heard the sound as of a man cutting the branches of a tree. We went towards the sound, and discovered an old man at work about an olive. He was so intent upon his labour,

labour that we were already near him before he perceived us; but as soon as he saw us, he let fall the ax he had in his hand in the greatest astonishment, for he knew me, though I did not recollect him at first, his dress was so strange, and his face so altered. His beard was long, his face tanned to a bronze, and he had on a woman's jacket of blue silk and tarnished gold, and an old petticoat of crimson sattin. This figure came up to me, and with transport said, Don Valdoranos, by what accident are you in this island? Do you not know Calimbra your old surgeon? Heavens! answered I, is it you! Who could have imagined to find you in such a place, and in such a dress? Is there any other person here besides yourself? and by what adventure came you hither?

There is none here, he replied, besides myself and a young Indian girl, who was saved by divine providence, together with me, from a shipwreck on the rocks upon the coast. The Indian girl's story is this, which may raise your pity for her: and shew you how the wrath of heaven sometimes severely lightens upon ingratitude. These words raised our curiosity, and gathering about him we were all attention: when he gave us this brief relation.

It

It happened that in the course of a voyage to Mexico, a trading vessel put into a creek, being in distress for want of provisions. The Spaniards unadvisedly went a great distance from the sea up into the country, and in their return were intercepted by an ambush of Indians, who killed the greater part of them. The captain of the vessel, whose name was Cabron, escaped by flying into a forest. Having wandered a long time, he at length arrived in the deep recesses of the wood, and being tired and spent, he laid himself down to rest under a tree; when suddenly an Indian maid, who had been hunting, came to the place where he was. She was drest in several beautiful coloured feathers, and had a quiver on her shoulder, and a bow in her hand. As Cabron could speak the Indian tongue, he fell at her feet, made his distress known to her, and begged her protection. Cabron had a handsome person, and an engaging address. Indora, (so the Indian girl is named) surveyed his person, admired his dress; took pity on him, and from pitying became enamoured with him, and consequently solicitous for his preservation. She kept him secretly in a cave, which she adorned for him with several precious things, for she was

was of the rank of the princes of her country. She brought him all sorts of provisions of fruits and game, which she took in hunting. They lived thus several months.

At length a vessel appeared upon the coast, to which by Cabron's direction she made a signal; and he persuaded her to embark with him. The captain of this vessel, in which I was bound for Spain, dealt in slaves. As such people have generally no feelings but for gain, after hearing the indian wench's story, he proposed to Cabron to buy her of him. And what think ye? The generous Cabron sold Indora to him for two hundred sequins of gold, taking advantage of her beauty, and her being supposed to be pregnant, to raise his price. In the mean time we were overtaken by a storm, and wrecked on this island. Not one escaped the waves but Indora and myself. We have been here these thirteen months, living upon the fruits, which we found very good. I set up signals on several parts of the island, which perhaps you have seen, or the late tempest has destroyed them. We got divers chests of things from the wreck, which the waves brought ashore: amongst the rest one chest of five and twenty thousand

sand double ducats of gold, thus my lord !
you have our story, and the adventure that
brought me to this island.

He had scarce done speaking, when we
heard a sweet voice in a neighbouring
grove sing these words in the Indian lan-
guage.

S O N G.

When thou wert weary, faint, distressed,
I laid thy head upon my breast ;
I nourish'd thee with food divine,
With plantain bread, with palm-tree wine ;
With splendid furs adorn'd thy bow'r,
Perfum'd with ev'ry fragrant flow'r.
These arms which did thee soft infold,
Ah how could'st thou resign for gold ?
How could'st thou bear with grief to wound
This breast to thee so gentle found ?

We went towards the voice, and saw
the young Indian gathering fruits for her
repast. She seemed at first afraid of us ;
but Calimbra letting her know who we
were, and assuring her of kind treatment,
she took courage, and consented to go with
me to Spain.

Calimbra contented himself with one
third of the chest of gold, and resigned
the rest to her.

She

She has been with me at my seat, and I am going to carry her to court. I intend to have her properly instructed, and then baptized, as she ardently desires, from the little instruction I have been able to give her. And if a nephew of mine can like her, and she him, I purpose to add to the sum she already has for her fortune, and see her married and settled to her satisfaction.

Here the amirante concluded: and as beauty has the privilege and energy to conciliate minds and attract affections, every body present was seized with an inclination to cherish and honour this charming Indian. We testified as much to the amirante, who explained our sentiments to her. Upon which she laid her hand on her breast, and bowed her head, to signify her thanks.

In the mean time it grew late, and we all agreed to retire to our repose.

CHAP.

C H A P. IX.

NEXT morning, the knight being come, we set out in company with the amirante for Toledo. We arrived there after a pleasant journey, at evening. It was light enough to observe all the charms of the country.

We passed the Tagus over a very large and fine bridge, and soon after discovered Toledo all surrounded with hills and rocks, which command it.

Toledo is the capital city of New Castile, and of all Spain; the seat of the ancient Gothic and Moorish kings. It is situated on a steep rock, at the foot of which runs the river Tagus, the largest river of Spain, and celebrated for its golden sand. The river encompasses the city on three sides; the fourth is defended by an old wall and towers. It was in ancient times a place of strength, but not so at present, being commanded by several hills. There are many small pleasant houses built amongst those hills, designed for the pleasure of solitude and study. The archbishop of Toledo has one there where he often goes.

The cathedral is the richest and most magnificent in Spain, and the archbishop's revenue

revenue is valued at eighty thousand pounds a year. He is primate of Spain, and great chancellor of Castile, and is proprietor of seventeen towns, besides a great number of villages. The lands settled for the repair of the cathedral, are of the yearly value of twenty-five thousand double pistoles. As the city stands upon a rock, the unevenness of the situation in divers places, makes several descents and ascents in it.

The church de los Reyes is large and beautiful, and all full of orange and pomgranate trees, jessamin and myrtles, that are very high. They are set in cases, and formed into walks up to the high altar, whose ornaments are extraordinary rich: so that looking through all those green boughs and the flowers of different colours upon the shining gold, silver, embroidery, and large wax tapers illuminated, which adorn the altar, it seems as if the rays of the sun played before your eyes. There are also cages painted and gilt, and filled with nightingales and canary birds, and others, which make a delightful harmony.

The use of incense and perfumes in churches, so ancient and so universally received in all nations and religions, was undoubtedly intended, as well as music to
chear

cheer us, and to rouse and purify the senses, the better to fit us for contemplation.

Our inn happened to be a very good one, and the more agreeable, as it stood a good ways from any other house, and had a good garden, and prospect of the country, and the windings of the Tagus. Upon this account, with the amirante's consent, who was in no haste to get to Madrid, we stayed a day longer at Toledo, in order to see a company of actors, whom the knight told us were excellent. The theatre was grand, and the decorations magnificent.

The subject of the tragedy was the life and death of King Pedro the Cruel; for in Spain, some of the dramatic writers have little regard to time or place.

Pedro, surnamed the Cruel, was king of Castile. His father Alphonso XI. had several natural children by his mistress, the beautiful Eleonora de Gusman. Pedro, when he came to the crown, perfidiously put to death Eleonora de Gusman at Talavera. He caused Garcelasso de la Vega to be ponyarded in the royal palace at Burgos, whither he had invited him. His own brother Don Frederiquez, and his cousin Don Juan of Aragon, were also ponyarded in his presence. He put to death his own
aunt

aunt the queen of Arragon, as also his own queen Donna Bianca, the most beautiful princess of her time, and of the most amiable character.

These and several other cruelties, too many to mention, kindled the flames of a civil war. The barbarous king at first proved victorious; at last Henriquez de Transtamar, one of the sons of Eleonora de Gusman, a prince noble and valiant, justly thinking Pedro unworthy to reign, caused himself to be proclaimed king of Castile. Pedro applied to Edward the Black prince who was sovereign in Guienne. Edward espoused the tyrant's side, and marched to his assistance. Soon after was fought, on the banks of the Ebro, that bloody battle, which is called by that name, between Transtamar on one side, and king Pedro and the Black prince on the other. Part of Transtamar's army having revolted to the Black prince, king Pedro gained the victory. The son of Eleonora de Gusman was obliged to fly into Arragon: and Pedro was resettled in his throne.

As soon as the Black prince was withdrawn, the valiant Transtamar appeared again at the head of an army, composed of Arragonians and Castilians. Prince Transtamar gained a compleat victory over king

Pedro, who was killed in the fight, and his crown and signet were presented to Transfamar.

In this place was an interlude of martial music with a grand symphony of voices, that sung the praises of the valiant prince Transfamar.

After this was the most magnificent scene of all. An assembly of the states and people was called in a grand piazza, where Transfamar appeared, seated in a large gilt balcony; the crown was put on his head. Then the grand justiciary of the kingdom addressed the king in the name of the states, in these words; "Nos, que valemos tanto como vos, os hacemos nuestro rey y senor; con tal que guardeis nuestros fueros, si no, no." "We, who are equal with yourself, do constitute you our king, on condition that you maintain the privileges; otherwise not."

Then Transfamar got up, and spoke in this manner to the assembly: "Grandeas, and people of Castile, I have delivered you from the tyranny of King Pedro: you have a right to create your kings: when you give the crown to any one, he ought to maintain your privileges, otherwise you are no longer bound to obey him. I hold the crown from you, you may take it back and give it to another, who will make you
more

more happy than I; shew me that man, and I shall immediately descend from the throne and resign it to him.

Transtamar by this harangue solidly established his authority: and he was conjured to remain on the throne.

From this prince descended the kings of Castile, who afterwards reigned in Spain, till the scepter of that kingdom was transferred to the house of Austria. Historians tell us that he was loved by the Spaniards, whom he governed with moderation. In a word, he was an happy king: he had no dark distrusts of those about him; but tasted that generous confidence in the friendship of men, which is the sweetest charm of life.

This tragedy, though not written according to the rules, had great excellencies. I observed this to Don de los Torres, who made this answer: When any piece strongly affect you and raises noble, exalted sentiments, never go about to examine it by the rules of composition; those emotions are the best proofs that it comes from a masterly hand.

After this we went home to our lodging, where we passed our evening agreeably at ombre and primero with the amirante; and then withdrew to our apartments.

C H A P. X.

WE slept very soundly till the sun had changed the rosy colour of Aurora to gold; when we were awakened by loud vociferations and laughter at the inn gate. I looked out and saw our host, Boracchione, in discourse with a young man in a rich silk night gown and embroidered slippers; and half a dozen persons had got about them, all laughing immoderately.

As soon as we were drest, we went into an arbour to breakfast, where we found Don Valdoranos already seated. We sent for our host, being desirous to know who the young man was whom I had seen in the embroidered slippers and night-gown, and what caused so much laughter. Boracchione came, and being told what we desired, gave us the following account in his way, beginning thus; —

As the stars, my lord, when the sky is serene, are the ornament of heaven, and as flowers in the spring are the beauty of meadows, such is an eloquent manner of speaking, and a pleasant discourse set off and embellished with elegant expressions: which being short is the better, insomuch as many words are like leaves, which
when

when fewer would serve the purpose, are most disagreeable, as the fruit, whatever there be amongst them, is almost lost, and difficult to be perceived or tasted.

After this elegant preamble, he proceeded to his story.

Andrante of Burgos, a young trader, having heard of silks and brocades to be sold at Toledo, put three hundred golden ducats in his purse, and having never been from home before, set out for this city, where he arrived in the evening.

The next morning he went to the place of sale, where he saw many fine pieces of silk to his mind, and now and then cheapened their prices, as he went up and down, without coming to any bargain. But to shew people that he came with an intent to buy, he on all occasions pulled out his purse of gold. It happened that a certain damsel, who it seems, calls herself Alexandra, got sight of it, and was pleased with its lustre. She found means to inform herself of his business, his name, and relations; and about evening sent a young woman to him, who found him sitting alone under some trees at my gate. She asked if he was named Andrante; and he answering in the affirmative, she took him

aside, and told him that a young lady would gladly speak with him.

The Burgosan, seeing the girl drest in velvet with slashed sleeves, and to have an innocent look, presently fancied, as I imagine, that the lady must be in love with him. In this imagination he followed the damsel to a fine house, where they went in.

In a little time the lady, being advertised of his arrival, appeared at the top of a stair-case of green marble, that had a gilt balluster. She was in appearance about eighteen years of age, very beautiful, and richly drest.

As soon as she saw Andrante, she ran down two or three steps with open arms to meet him, and welcomed him with the greatest transport.

The Burgosan, quite astonished at being caressed in such a manner, could only say, that he was proud of the honour of waiting upon her. The signora then took him by the hand, and without saying a word more, led him through a large dining room into her own chamber, which was perfumed with roses, orange-flowers, and other costly odours; where was also a fine bed, adorned with gold gallow, and other rich furniture,

furniture, which convinced him she was some great lady.

They sat down together on a sofa. Then after some preface, she told him a long plausible story, wherein she made it appear as clear as the light, that she was his sister, by an amour which his father had with a rich widow of Valentia; and said that she was married to Don Valentin, a person of great distinction at Toledo, who, she hoped, would soon be at home. After this she enquired of all their relations by name. Andrante hearing a fable so well ordered, and related without the least hesitation, and not a little pleased with the endearments of so young and charming a creature, did not in the least doubt of the truth of what she averred. Whence he made answer, that he thought himself happy in having found a sister so amiable, and that persons of the highest rank and fortune might be proud to have one adorned with such accomplishments.

In the mean time Don Valentin arrived, to whom Alexandra having made known her brother, the signor loaded him with civilities and compliments.

An elegant supper was served up, with excellent wines. The entertainment was joyous. Andrante and his new brother

drank freely till midnight. Alexandra would not suffer him to depart, but ordered an apartment for him. He was conducted thither, and a fine night-gown and embroidered slippers were laid ready for his use. He went to bed and slept soundly; but when he awaked in the morning he could not see his cloaths, in which was his purse of three hundred ducats of gold. Upon enquiry he found the house he was in was not his sister Alexandra's, but ready furnished lodgings: and the person who looked after them told him, that the lady he supped with was gone away before it was light. He was now convinced too late of the treachery of his charming sister, and came away in the silk night-gown and embroidered slippers, for which he had paid three hundred ducats of gold.

Here our host made an end, and seemed highly diverted. But Don Valdoranos said to us, as in wonder, Is it possible so many charms of beauty and youth should hide so much fraud and dissimulation?

With that we all got up, and went to view the several scenes about the city.

C H A P. XI.

WE set out at night in the finest weather for Aranjuez, in the amirante's voiture, which held six conveniently. The night resembled that in which a poet makes a loving lady breathe forth her soft plaints,

Invested in her starry vail, the night
O'er the blue vault had spread her silver light;
The rising moon refulgent beam'd around,
Sprinkling with vivid pearl the glitt'ring ground.
Fast as the heav'ns emit their radiant beams,
So fast th' enamour'd virgin breathes her flames,
And of her antient love the secret yields
To those mute valleys, and those silent fields.

Don Valdoranos entertained us on the way, with three or four concerts of music, at several stations, where we rested the mules.

My lord, said Melesinda to him, your travelling in Spain with music is very delightful, especially thus in the stillness of the night; methinks I am wandering on fairy ground.

In silent night, sweet music breathe
Above, about, or underneath,
Sent by some spirits to mortals good,
Or th' unseen genius of the wood.

These verses, which she had put into very good Spanish, brought on a discourse concerning the excellency of music.

Music, answered the knight of Calatrava, is a kind of food and repast of the soul; a sweet refreshment of the mind. Plato commanded that children should be taught music. The antients used it in battle, even lutes and instruments of softest sound. They celebrated it as a thing sacred and divine. They believed that our soul is harmony, and that it listens and knows its power as often as it hears music, as a nature similar to itself.

They held also, that the movements of the starry spheres composed a concert. Man in his first estate had his ears delighted with that celestial harmony; but our hearing is now too obstructed for that heavenly music.

Music among those who were stiled the chosen people, was a religious art. The songs of Sion, which we have reason to believe were in high repute among the courts of the Eastern kings, were nothing else but hymns, that celebrated the Creator of the universe. How does our grand and solemn church music, said the countess Melesinda, raise our devotion into rapture! It makes us resemble the angels and saints above.

Then

Then crown'd again, their golden harps they took,
 Harpsever tun'd, that glitt'ring by their side
 Like quivers hung, and with preamble sweet
 Of charming symphony they introduce
 The sacred song, and waken raptures high.

What you say, answered the knight, is extremely just. And we learn from Homer, that music was constantly made use of in the courts of all the oriental princes at their feasts. Solomon tells us, that he sought out singing men and singing women to entertain him at the time of feasting. Homer introduces his musician Demodocus as a person of great distinction. He places him on a throne studded with silver, and gives him an herald for an attendant; nor is he less careful to provide for his entertainment: he has a particular table, and a capacious golden bowl set before him full of fragrant wine, to drink as often as he had a mind.

A great and wise oriental*, said the countess Melesinda, compares music at repasts to an emerald set in gold. In the divine writings, the voice of melody, feasting and dancing, are used to express the happiness of a nation. He must be a rigid censor

* As a signet of an emerald set in a work of gold, so is the melody of music with pleasant wine.

cenfor indeed, who blames such pleasures as these, which, when moderate, have nothing in them contrary to virtue; especially as they bear a beautiful opposition to all the horrors of that austerity, which affrights us from being enamoured with the charms of virtue, by making it look with so dismal an appearance. Thus Melesinda, like a true cittern.—When she had done speaking, there is nothing, replied the knight, more gay and pleasant, as you have hinted, fair countess, than true virtue. The mind of the virtuous is in such a sound state, that it will also contribute to the health of the body. It makes its brightness and tranquillity shine so as to be discerned outwardly. Its state is like that of things, as the antients imagined, in the regions above the moon, always serene. Virtue is not situated upon the summit of a steep, rugged, and inaccessible hill; for such as have approached have found it, on the contrary, to be seated in a fair, fruitful, and flourishing plain, from whence it has a clear view of all things below it. To which place any one may arrive if he knows the best way, through shady, verdant, and sweetly flourishing walks, by a pleasant and gentle ascent, like that of the celestial arches.

Virtue

Virtue knows how to be rich, and powerful, and learned, and to lie upon perfumed quilts. It loves life, beauty, health, and honour: but its proper and peculiar office is to know how to use those blessings regularly, and how to part with them without concern,

Dionysius the tyrant offered Plato a robe of the Persian fashion, long, damasked, and perfumed. Plato refused it, saying, "That being born a man, he would not willingly dress himself in a woman's garment." But Aristippus accepted it, with this answer, "That no dress could corrupt a virtuous heart." Did not Plato banish musicians from his commonwealth? said the countess: I think I have read so somewhere. He was far from any such intention answered the knight. He was only for banishing such harmony as serves but to please the ear, and render the mind soft and effeminate, and which neither calms the passions nor fills the mind with tender or noble conceptions.

But Plato was a great encourager of that sort of music, which was adapted to inspire the mind with fortitude and noble thoughts. He would not indeed permit in his republic such effeminate notes of music, as the Lydians used; but recommended

mended such as enflamed the soul with divine enthusiasm, with love of glory, of liberty, and of our native country : and inspired a contempt of death, riches, and effeminate pleasures. As he was of opinion, that severe treatment dulls and stupifies good dispositions, he in his laws is wonderfully careful about the gaiety and pastimes of youth. He expatiates upon the races, games, songs, vaulting, dancing, of which, he says, the antients gave the conduct and patronage to the gods, Apollo and Minerva, and the divine muses.

For my part, added the knight, I would have in our colleges the pictures of Joy and Gladness, together with those of Flora and the Graces, as the Pilosopher * Speusippus had in his ; that where the youths profit is, there might be their pleasure.

* Diog. Laert. life of Speusippus. l. 4. sect. 1.

C H A P.

C H A P. XII.

IN such discourse we beguiled the way, till we arrived at Aranjuez. We saw already in the east a most beautiful Aurora, blushing like roses. All the stars were retired, except Venus, which guards the confines of the night, and from whence seemed to come a fragrant breeze, which filled the air with balmy sweets, and whisp'ered the choristers of the groves to awake and renew their songs.

At Aranjuez, the avenues are so long, that even from the middle, one cannot see the end of them, several fine walks of shining yellow gravel terminate in these, and form the figure of stars. The Tagus and Xamora encompass the Island where Aranjuez stands. At our coming into the gardens, we fancied ourselves in the gardens of Alcinous, or of queen Armida. The morning was cool, on all sides the birds made a sweet melody, and the waters a pleasing murmur. The trees and hedges were laden with excellent fruits, and the parterres covered with most odoriferous flowers.

The place was so delicious, that we determined to spend a day or two in it. When the sun had dried up the dew, we
breakfasted

breakfasted on a green plat surrounded with a grove, whose trees were large and crowned with thick foliage, amongst which were a number of nightingales.

The countess Melesinda was observing to us these beauties, when, I said, there are other beauties here, which you have not named. What do you mean, said she, those statues that are before us there? For my part, I don't like them at all. That first one has a very odd appearance. It represents a faun, I replied; the fauns were a sort of woodland deities. They were partly of the satyre kind. They had something of the ferine nature, as you see by their tails, little gilt horns, and pointed ears; but were not so horrid and savage as the satyrs. I like neither of them, answered Melesinda; they shall not come into my garden. Well, said I smiling, how do you like that other statue? Extreemly, said she; I fancy it is my favourite Pomona. In one hand she holds the horn of abundance, filled with the various rich fruits of autumn. In the other hand she holds a golden urn, from which pieces of gold fall promiscuously. So that at the same time, she holds the fruits of the earth, the riches of nature, and those treasures on which mankind set so great a value. Upon my word,

word, Melesinda, said I, you talk very learnedly concerning this your favourite nymph. But you can't tell me the reason why her head is a little inclined. Yes, I can, said she smiling, it is because all statues that are placed at any height, to be viewed by people standing under them, are set in the fairest point of light, when they are inclined towards the spectator. Perceiving I was going to speak, Hold, said she, I have not yet done with this statue; it always charms me. Pomona's hair, you see, is parted before, and with a beautiful, easy, negligent grace, part hangs in natural ringlets of gold, we will imagine; the rest is bound behind her neck. Her gown sits with the same negligent air. A rich girdle binds it up, that she may walk with greater freedom in the groves. It is full of folds, a more agreeable drapery than the modern strait dresses. The workman's hand seems to have softened the marble, to make the folds appear the more fine and elegant. Under that drapery you behold some parts naked, so that at the same time you see the softness of the nymph's form, and the variety of her vesture's folds.

The amirante hearing her speak in this stile, stood in admiration, and politely confessed

fessed that she had informed him of what he never knew before : at the same time, taking off a fine large ruby, which he had on his little finger, he begged my leave to present it to her ; which he did smiling, and saying, he desired her to accept it for the instruction she had given him. He added likewise, that there was a strange property in that ruby, for when any thing troublesome was to happen to him, its lustre faded, and that when any thing agreeable was to arrive, it then shone with uncommon lustre *, as it had done all the morning before he met with her. This gallant compliment of the old amirante was received by Melesinda as it ought, though not without a blush. She took the ring, and put it on her finger with respectful acknowledgments.

After examining some other fine statues, a question arose amongst us, whether statuary excelled painting. The brass or marble, said baron Swenitz, expresses the contour of

* As to gems changing sometimes their colour, Mr. Boyle observed the spots in a turcoise to shift their place from one part to another by gentle degrees. So did the cloud in a piece of agate. A diamond he wore on his finger, he observed, like this ruby, to be more illustrious at some times than others.

See Boyle, Of absolute rest in bodies.

of the limbs, their length, thickness, slenderness; in short, all their dimensions may be seen in statues, but not in paintings, in which there is only a superficies, lineaments, and a fine focus and falacy of colour. Grant you, replied the knight, that statues bear the effigies of living things, in as much as they are rounder, and pictures appear only as things merely superficial; yet they have in them several things, which statues have not. For the painter naturally expresses light and shades, chiaro oscuro, as also what is serene, thick and dense, more or less as the subject requires; which a statuary can by no means do. And though painting is not capable of roundness of figure, in the manner as statuary, yet does it so curiously circumvolve the limbs and muscles, that they may wonderfully bear proportion with those parts, which we do not see, and give us just cause to pronounce the painter admirably skilled in his art. And as he forms with great artifice the members, either fore-shortened, or sometimes protracted by a just symmetry, as he pleases, he stands in need of another, and much nobler science; I mean that of perspective, which most justly exhibits to our view, by lines, measures, lights and shades, even the plain
super-

superfices, distance, height of the loftiest wall.

How excellent is it to express distinctly things in their lively colours, carnation, vestures of all kinds of stuff and form, and all other coloured things whatsoever, to the life. This a statuary cannot do; nor knows he how either to compose a beautiful aspect of complexion, or the blue or black eye, sparkling with lively rays. No golden tresses; no glittering of arms; no dark nights, sea tempests, lightnings or thunder-bolts; no cities on flames, nor the rosy purple light of the morning; in short, neither the heavens, sea, nor earth, mountains, woods, nor rivers; cottages, nor princely towers; gardens, nor flowery meadows; all which the painter seems easily to accomplish.

It is true, said the amirante, painting is an excellent art, and whosoever has not a taste for it, seems to have no taste for what is admirable. What is the whole universe but one great picture? What the earth surrounded by the ocean, distributed into several parts, adorned with hills, rivers, valleys, trees, grass and flowers, but an immense and noble picture, adorned with the most beautiful colours? But as comparisons are odious, and as statuary
and

and painting are sister arts, and have each their several beauties and excellencies, let us decide nothing, but content ourselves with admiring them.

We all acquiesced in the amirante's opinion; and getting up from the place where we sate, we walked about the gardens, till the time of dinner drew near.

CHAP.

C H A P. XIII.

IN a ground room by order of the amirante, a table was set out, with finest linen fringed with gold thread. The side-board was covered with crystal glasses, that reflected a lustre like silver.

The dishes were served up in the most elegant manner. I must not omit to tell you, that all round about Aranjuez the air is perfumed with wild thyme, and other sweet herbs, which grow all over those fields or heaths. This makes the rabbits, deer, and all sorts of game that feed upon them, so excellent there. Our olla, venison, and cives were so delicious, that Swenitz and I began to envy the amirante his cook, who had dressed them. In the mean time, the Brasilian perpetually filled our glasses to the brim with wine of the most exquisite flavour and taste; inso-much, that we were obliged to let them stand filled, to prevent his renewing his attendance. In a word, we were all pleased with our entertainment, which past with all the chearfulness and gaiety imaginable.

As the sun was yet high, and the heat excessive, and nothing to be heard but the chirping of grass-hoppers among the olives,

* Si
noon
nap, e

we thought it most adviseable to take a siesta *. Accordingly we withdrew to our several apartments.

After about two hours rest, we arose and went all into the garden, where we spent some time in walking and enjoying the charms of the place. When as we passed by the side of a grove of pomegranate trees, we were suddenly surpris'd with a sound in the grove, like the clashing of swords. We hastened into the little wood, and soon discovered two young gentlemen very hotly engaged with their swords that lightened under the shade of the trees. They seem'd both of rank: the one in blue velvet embroidered: the other in carnation and gold brocade; his stockings were carnation, his shoes white, and the garters of his knees gold-fringe. They did not seem, either of them, to be above eighteen years of age, and were both agreeable figures.

Don Valdoranos, baron Swenitz, and myself, immediately went up to them and parted them. Then the amirante, with an air of dignity and tone of authority, demanded how they had presumed to draw
their

* Siesta literally signifies the heat of the day, from noon forwards; and is used to express an afternoon's nap, enjoyed generally every day in Spain.

their swords in the royal gardens?—Don Valdoranos, answered one of the young cavaliers, we both know you. I am glad fortune has led you here to decide our difference. My name is Don Fernando de Cosmonte, my adversary, is called Don Matteo de Silva; we are near relations, and were lately friends, till love divided us; for we both love the same lady, Donna Dalinda de Guebrien. She has always slighted our addresses, notwithstanding all the tender sentiments, and entertainments, which love could suggest to win her, that insensible beauty never would shew us more kind treatment. As for me, I designed to love her still on in spite of her indifference; but my cousin, instead of taking the same resolution, meeting me here by chance, challenged me to fight, or insisted that I should renounce all pretensions to Dalinda's charms.—It is true, interrupted Don de Silva, I concluded that if I had no rival in my cousin, the lady would look on me: he alone opposes my felicity. To this Don Valdoranos replied, that they took a very wrong method to win the lady Dalinda, if he knew her well: that she would look upon their combat as a dishonour to her; that it would be more worthy the names they bore, to conquer their passion,

or

o
th
ti
fo
he
lat
wa
dig
re
Th
said
wen
pom
cle o
tered
some
ing a
amira
with t
am ve
ben to
bad co
strang
ing to
oles for
We ou
gainst
ou see
relations
OL. II.

or at least leave the choice of a husband to the lady Dalinda herself; and in the mean time to be reconciled to each other. After some more discourse to the same purpose, he invited them both to partake of our collation, which we saw already coming towards us.

The respect they had for the age and dignity of the amirante, together with his reasons, calmed a little these young lovers. They thanked him for his courtesy, and said, they were ready to attend him. We went to a pleasant spot by the side of the pomegranate trees, and sat down in a circle on the flowery verdure, which was watered by a crystal spring. After eating some dried figs and other fruits, and drinking a glass of excellent wine, of which the amirante made the young gentlemen drink with the company three or four times—I am very glad, said he, that I should happen to come so opportunely to prevent the bad consequences of your contest. Love is a strange passion: the stage is more beholding to it than the life of man: it resembles sometimes a siren, sometimes a fury. We ought therefore to be ever in guard against its too frequently dangerous sweets. You see it has separated you, who are near relations, and once were intimate friends.

Vol. III. E Shall

Shall love break such golden ties? Permit me to relate to you, my young gentlemen, an history, which bears some resemblance to your case; and in which you will see the excellent power of friendship; and what a good resolution will do in conquering love, when there is a sincere desire to gain the victory. Don Fernando and Don de Silva both expressed their obligation for the honour he did them: and the old amirante perceiving us all very attentive, began in this manner, with a grave and agreeable voice.

CHAP.

C H A P. XIV.

The HISTORY of

DON CLEON DE ALTAMIRA,

AND

DON FERNANDO DE MELON.

AT the time, when Charles, afterwards emperor, was disputing for the crown of Spain with the duke of Anjou, there dwelt in Catalonia a gentleman, called Don Moscoso de Altamira, who having a son named Cleon de Altamira, a youth of fine parts and learning, sent him to Leon to study philosophy, recommending him to a nobleman there, called Don Gabriel de Melon, who was his old friend. This nobleman, instead of putting him to the university, kept him in his own house as a companion to his son, named Ferdinando de Melon, and they were both consigned to the tuition of a philosopher, whose name was Bertonel.

Being thus brought up together, their inclinations and tempers were so conformable,

able, that a brotherly affection and strict friendship sprung up between them, nor had they either happiness or satisfaction but in each other's company. As they had both an excellent understanding, they became eminent in their studies, to the great joy of Don Gabriel de Melon, who seemed to have the same esteem and love for both.

In a little time old de Melon, being now very ancient, died: at which both youths expressed an equal concern, nor could it be well said, which was most disconsolate. In a few months afterwards, the relations of young de Melon came to see him, and endeavoured to console him and his friend. They proposed to Don Ferdinand to marry, and recommended to him a young lady of great beauty and accomplishments, about sixteen years of age.

Ferdinand consented to what they desired of him, and after two or three visits to Donna Silviana, for that was the young lady's name, he persuaded his friend Cleon to go one day with him to visit her.

Cleon being introduced to her, while they conversed together, viewed her charms with much attention, as considering her the beautiful object that was to be his friend's happiness. But, alas! he was in
another

another visit or two so taken with her excellent beauty of person, and qualifications of mind, that he became himself enamoured with her to the most violent degree of passion. Notwithstanding which, he kept his flame concealed, nor gave the least sign of it. But the flame of love, when confined, the more it burns. When in solitude he thought on Silviana's charms, the more he became in love.

Recollecting himself at last, after many passionate sighs, he broke out to this effect. Unhappy Cleon! on whom hast thou fixt thy affection? Ought not the favours thou hast received from Don Ferdinand and his family, as well as the ties of most entire friendship subsisting between you, make you think no more of Silviana? Let reason overcome this passion, and direct thy eyes to some other lady. Extinguish the sparks of this love, before they become a flame too mighty for thee to quench.

Then reflecting on Silviana's perfections, and renouncing his former reasonings; the laws of love, said he, are of greater force than any other. The strictest bands of friendship, love scruples not to break. I am in my prime, love's season. Let older people study what is honourable. I can will nothing but to love. This Silviana's

beauty commands from every one. How am I then to blame?

Thus he argued differently with himself, not one day, and one night only, but several, till the struggle between his friendship and his love caused him to fall sick, and he was forced to keep his chamber.

Don Ferdinand had observed him, for some time, to be pensive, and to affect solitude; and now seeing him fall sick, was extremely grieved, and sought by all manner of means to comfort him, pressing earnestly to know the cause of his grief. To which he returned frivolous answers far from the truth, and which Don Ferdinand plainly saw to be such. As he still continued urgent to know the real cause, Cleon, compelled, as it were, at length to speak, began with sighs and tears to tell him the whole cause of his uneasiness and conflict with himself, as also which way the victory inclined, owning his extream passion for Silviana, and declaring, upon account of its dishonourableness, his resolution to extinguish his flame with his death, which he hoped would soon happen.

Don Ferdinand hearing this discourse, and seeing his trouble, and the violence of his love, stood some time in suspence, as having a love for Silviana, though in a
more

more moderate degree. But at length his friend's life was preferred, and sympathizing with him, he said; Cleon, was it not that you stand more in need of comfort, I should upbraid you for a breach of friendship, in keeping your passion so long a secret. Admitting it were dishonourable, yet ought it no more to be concealed than if it was otherwise; for if it be the part of a friend to rejoice at what redounds to his friend's credit, it is no less so to attempt to drive from that friend's heart, what he judges contrary to honour.

But to leave this subject, and come to that, whereof you stand most in need. If you are so passionately in love with Silviana, I am not at all surpris'd at it; but should wonder rather if it was otherwise, considering her extraordinary beauty, and the generosity of your soul, so much the more susceptible of love, in proportion to the excellency of the object. Resume your former chearfulness and health, and from this hour expect the reward and completion of your love, far more deserving of Silviana than mine. I shall think no more of addressing her. I know the force of love, and your life is more dear to me than any thing else. Possess Silviana with all her charms. Time and absence will banish the
idea

idea of her beauty from my breast, at least extinguish a passion, not so strong as yours. I can easily find another wife, but such a friend perhaps never.

Cleon, who had a heart full of sweetness and generosity, being loth to be outdone in nobleness of sentiment, felt a struggle of passions not to be expressed. Violent love for Silviana, honour, friendship, altogether took possession of his heart, and he thus replied: De Melon, your sincere and generous friendship points out to me what on my part ought to be done. Can you renounce the possession of so many charms for my sake, and I not be moved with so noble a proceeding? No: address Silviana still. Far from hating you, I feel my friendship for you increasing every moment. The stars have destined her to be your wife, who saw and loved her beauty, before I was surprised with its lustre. This generous contest lasted a long time.—But to draw to a conclusion. Though Cleon was ashamed to give his consent, yet love, and his friend's importunities prevailed at length. Don Moscoso visited Silviana no more. While Cleon by his assiduity, engaging person, and winning behaviour, gained her affections, to the mutual satisfaction of all three. For Don
de

de Melon having overcome his passion for Silviana by force of friendship and absence, married his friend's sister Donna Florinda, an agreeable young lady, and both friends living near one another, every day added something, if possible, to their felicity.

A most sacred thing therefore is friendship; productive of inagnificence and honour, gratitude and noblest beneficence; professed enemy of insincerity, and avarice of gold. The divine effects of it, I grant, are hardly to be met with, yet they are still to be found, as you see, in the sublime nature of man. Supposing therefore, my young lords, that you were not relations, yet think that you have been friends, and that the sacred obligations of true friendship ought to serve instead of all degrees of affinity.

Here Don Valdoranos made an end. We were extreemly delighted with his noble and excellent history; as also with his dignity and grace in relating it. But it made such an impression on Don Fernand, and Don de Silva, that they rose up, as with one accord, and each of them taking a hand of the old amirante, ardently returned him thanks, not without tears. I consent, my lord, said Don Fernand, still grasping his hand, and swear by all that is sacred,

sacred, to acquiesce in Dalinda's choice, whether she determines in favour of me, or of my cousin. — And as for me, said Don de Silva in his turn I call the stars to witness, that if Dalinda does not pronounce in my favour, I will remove far distant from her charms; and if I cannot forget her, at least will never see her more. There remains then only, said the amirante, that you embrace one another in token of your reconciliation; which they immediately did with much tenderness, and seeming cordiality.

This affair so happily ended, we all returned to the palace, where we passed the evening together with great festivity. And Don Fernand and Don de Silva would attend the amirante to Madrid the next morning.

END OF THE THIRD VOLUME.